



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

So in thy hand, O God of fear, are we :
Thy bond regard, let sin be veiled from thee.

Lo! as the smelter fuseth silv'ry vein,
Removing dross, that naught impure remain ;
So in thy hand, O God of healing, we :
Thy bond regard, let sin be veiled from thee.

Lo! as the potter mouldeth plastic clay
To forms his varying fancy doth display ;
So in Thy hand, O God of grace, are we :
Thy bond regard, let sin be veiled from thee.

ELSIE DAVIS.

I AM THE SUPPLIANT.

From the Hebrew of Baruch ben Samuel.

*A Selicha recited in the Musaph service on
the Day of Atonement.*

I am the suppliant for my people here,
Yea, for the House of Israel, I am he ;
I seek my God's benign and heedful ear,
For words that rise from me.

Amid the walls of hearts that stand around¹
My bitter sighs swell up and mount the sky ;
Ah! how my heart doth pant with ceaseless bound
For God, my Rock on high.

With mighty works and wondrous hath he wrought,
Lord of my strength, my God. When me he bade
To make a sanctuary for him, I sought,
I laboured, and 't was made.

The Lord my God, he hath fulfilled his word,
He ruleth as an all-consuming fire ;
I came with sacrifice, my prayer he heard,
Then granted my desire.

¹ Jer. iv. 19.

My sprinkling he accepted at the dawn
Of this, the holiest day, the chosen one,
When with the daily offering of the morn
The High Priest had begun.

And when the services thereafter came,
In glorious order, each a sacred rite,
I, bowing low, and calling on the Name,
Confessed before his sight.

The holy Priests, the ardent, for their sin
Upon this day made their atonement then,
With blood of bullocks and of goats, within
The city full of men¹.

The Priest with glowing censer seemed as one
Preparing for the pure a way by fire;
When with two rams I came, 't was as a son
Doth come unto his sire.

The bathings and ablutions, as 't was meet,
Were all performed according to their way;
Then passed before the throne of God, complete,
The service of the day.

And when sweet strains of praise, to glorify,
Burst forth in psalmody and songs of love,
Yea, when I heard the voice uplifted high,
I raised my hand above.

The rising clouds of incense, mantling o'er
The mercy-seat, lent savour to its grace:
Then glory filled me, and my soul did soar
To yon exalted place.

Of ancient times I dream, of vanished days;
Now wild disquiet rageth unrestrained;
Scorned and reproached by all, from godly ways
Have I, alas, refrain'd.

¹ Lam. i. 1.

Afar mine eyes have strayed, and I have erred,
 And deaf I made mine ears, their listening quelled,
 But righteous is the Lord, for at his word¹,
 I sorely have rebelled.

Perverseness have I loved, and wrongful thought,
 And hating good, strove righteousness to shun,
 And in mine actions foolishness have wrought,
 Great evil have I done.

Pardon, I pray thee, our iniquity,
 O God, from thy high dwelling, and behold
 The souls that in affliction weep to thee;
 For lo! I have grown old².

Work for me, I beseech thee, marvels now,
 O Lord of Hosts! in mercy lull our fears;
 Answer with potent signs, and be not thou
 Silent unto my tears³.

Open thy hand exalted, nor revile
 The hearts not comforted, but pierced with care⁴,
 Praying with fervent lips, that know not guile⁵,
 O hearken to my prayer!

Look thou upon my sorrow, I implore,
 But not upon the sin that laid me low;
 Judge, God, the cause of mine affliction sore,
 Let me not see my woe⁶!

O thou, my Maker! I have called on thee,
 Pictured my thought to thee, pronounced my word,
 And at the time my spirit failed in me⁷,
 Remembered I the Lord.

Behold my wound, O thou who giv'st relief!
 Let me thine ears with voice of weeping win;
 Seek in thy mercy balsam for my grief,
 But seek not for my sin.

¹ Lam. i. 18. ² Gen. xxvii. 2. ³ Ps. xxxix. 12. ⁴ Hosea i. 6.

⁵ Ps. xvii. 1. ⁶ Num. xi. 15. ⁷ Jonah ii. 7.

Give ear unto my voice, O list my call!

And give me peace, for thou art great to save.

What profit is there in my blood, my fall¹

Down low unto the grave?

But I unceasing will declare thy praise;

Grant my atonement, though I sinned so oft.

Bring not my word to nothingness, but raise

My fallen sheaf aloft².

Redeem thy son, long sold to bondage grim,

And on his substance let thy blessings flow;

How long, O Lord, ere thou wilt say to him,

"I know, my son, I know³.

"I see thee heavy-laden with thy care,

With sorrow's burden greater than thy strength,

I hear thee wailing: yea, but I will spare,

And will redeem at length."

And now, O my Redeemer, lo! behold

The chains that bind me 'neath their cruel sway,

And seek thy servant, wandered from the fold⁴,

A lost sheep, gone astray.

Beauty's perfection lieth fallen low,

Broken and waste which stood in majesty,

The glory passed away and fled, for woe!

The One went out from me⁵.

My strong bars he hath broken ev'ry one,

He hath been wroth with me: I am bereft.

For my beloved hath turned aside and gone⁶,

A desert am I left.

My gates are sunken, they that stood so high;

My sacred doors are shattered and laid waste;

Lo! they are moved and vanished hence; and I

Am humbled and disgraced.

¹ Ps. xxx. 9.

² Gen. xxxvii. 7.

³ Gen. xlviii. 19.

⁴ Ps. cxix. 176.

⁵ Gen. xliv. 28.

⁶ Song of Songs v. 6.

Dumb are mine advocates to mine appeal;
 High in their pride my scornors raise their crest;
 They quench my light, they darkly do conceal
 My welfare and my rest.

O Lord, my God! all strength doth dwell in thee,
 O hear my voice, as humbly here I bow;
 And let the sentence of thy judgment be,
 "Take thou my blessing now¹."

Behold me fallen low from whence I stood,
 And mine assembly with compassion see;
 And this my soul, mine only one, 'tis good
 To give it unto thee.

Take back thy son once more, and draw him near,
 Hide not from him the radiance of thine eye,
 Turn not away, but lend a favouring ear
 Unto my plaint, my cry².

NINA DAVIS.

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

Suggested by the annexed fragments from the Talmud.

There is a legend full of joy and pain,
 An old tradition told of former years,
 When Israel built the temple once again
 And stayed his tears.

'T was in the chamber where the Wood Pile lay,
 The logs wherewith the altar's flame was fed;
 There hope recalled the Light of vanished day,
 The Light long fled.

A priest moved slowly o'er the marble floor,
 Sorting the fuel in the chamber stored;
 Frail was his form, he ministered no more
 Before the Lord.

¹ Gen. xxxiii. 11.

² Lam. iii. 56.